ORLANDO INAMORATO

The three first Bookes of that famous *Noble Gentleman and learned Poet,* Mathew Maria Boiardo Earle of *Scandiano in Lombardie.*

Done into English Heroicall Verse,

By R. T. Gentleman.

Parendo impero,
Imperando pereo.

George Steevens.

Printed at London by *Valentine Sims,* dwelling on Adling hil at the signe of the white Swanne. 1598.

George Stevens.

As glorious Pearle the MargaRITe
At shine of Sunne doth showe:
So doth she looke, or very like,
To whome I duetie owe.

R. T.

TO THE RIGHT VERTV-ous and worshipfull Ladie, the Ladie MARGARITE MORGAN, wife vnto Sir IOHN MORGAN of *Chilworth* in the Countie of SVRREY Knight, and Captaine of her Maiesties horsemen in the same Shire.

OOD Madam, the manifolde courtesies, and exceeding great fauours, which not onely mine elder brother, but also mine owne poore selfe, haue receiued and founde at Chilworth, is the occasion and cause we are so much bound and beholding vnto you: In signe whereof, I shall desire you to accept this small testimonie of my duetious good will, towardes your worthie Howse, vntill better satisfaction shall follow to make some amendes for the same: It is a Nouell Matter, & therefore I send it vnto you as a New-yeers gift these Hollidayes, resembling herein the fashion of some cunning Drapers, who when they would vtter a

badde piece of cloth, carrie the same vnto the falsest & darkest window they haue, thereby to make the badde colour shew thee better: So I, desirous that this my simple Translation might passe the safer, haue sent it vnto you these short dayes in Christmas, that reading the same by candle-light, you may the lesse perceiue the faults thereof: yet howsoeuer it is, I doubt not but your Ladiship will accept fauourably of it, and at some idle houre or other, reade it ouer. And thus (good Madam) crauing pardon for my boldenesse, and fauour for such faultes as may be committed in the same, I wish vnto you, all such happie contentment, as eyther your worthie selfe doth desire, or your vertuous Thoughtes any way deserue: and so I humbly take my leaue.

Your Ladiships most deuoted. R. T.

THE FIRST BOOKE OF
Orlando Inamorato.
THE ARGVMENT.

Charles *doth a Royall Feaſt, and Iouſt proclaime,*
Where (*with* Argalia) *comes* Angelica,
Dares all to fight, and Malagigi's *tane;*
Being ſent as Priſner to Catana,
Aſtolfo *runs,* (*but vanquiſht doth remaine*)
And (*as th'agreement was*) *doth loſe the day,*
Ferraw *doth Iouſt, and falls, yet will not yeeld,*
And at the laſt, kills Giantes foure in field.

I Sing of Him that Wonders wrogh̄t throgh Loue,
That Monſters, Fiends, and Giants huge did tame,
And many a weary Iorny oft did proue,
To ſeeke, to finde what loſt had bin his gaine,
A cruell Heart with pittie milde to moue
(Which he too faithleſſe found vnto his paine:)
So neere and deere he loude her, and ſo well,
As (for her ſake) diſtraught of wit he fell.

Famous ORLANDO was the Man I meane,
And faire ANGELICA that vſde him ſo,
Theſe two muſt be the ſubiect of my Theame,
If my Deare ALBA ſo much fauor ſhow,
Who in her hate to me is too extreame,
(Like ſea that neuer ebbes, but ſtill doth flow)
My comfort's this, though high my Thoughts be plac't,
If I obtaine not, None ſhall Shee's ſo chaſte.

ANd thou faire BROOKE, whence ſprings ech ſweet Con-
Where Beautie bides in her perfection, (ceit,
Thy Gracious Aſpect humblie I entreat,
(As happy Planet) me to ſhine vpon,
Whilſt I in Others, of thy ſelfe repeat,
Volumes of Praiſe due to thee long agon:
Helpe BRADAMANTA, whilſt I write the praiſe
Of ſtoute RVGIERO forth a broad to blaze.

Long ſince did ſway the Scepter in the Eaſt,
A mightie King, and he *Gradaſſo* hight,
Whoſe dreadfull name, from moſt vnto the leaſt,
Throughout the worlde with terror did affright,
This Prince by force, meant for to be poſſeſt
Of *Baiardo* and *Durindana* bright,
As Monarchs vſe, who oft in minde aſpire,
" Things that are hardly got for to deſire.

And to this end he through his kingdomes great,
An hunderd fiftie thousand Knights most bolde,
Doth muster vp, to bring to passe this feat,
Who expert were in martiall pointes of olde,
Yet meant not this proude King them to intreate,
To trie their valour, though full faine they would,
For he (alone) himselfe thought with his lance,
Able great *Charles* to conquer, and all *Fraunce*.

Now whilst *Gradasso*, thrice inuincible,
Conducts his hugie Armie on the way:
Carlmagnus, that for curt'sie doth excell,
Proclaimes most solemne Iousts for many a day,
In *Paris* to be kept as Heraldes tell,
Where, any Knight (what ere) come thither may,
And of his valour shew some perfect proofe,
Mounted in Armour, best for his behoofe,

By chance there were assembled at that time,
Within the royall Cittie, and the Courte,
The twelue chiefe Peeres of *Fraunce* calde *Paladine*,
With diuers neighbouring Princes of great porte,
To shew of vertue theirs, some wortie signe:
Pagans, aswell as Christians there resorte,
For all might safely come withouten feare,
Vnlesse a Traitor false to the State he were.

This cauſde a number to ariue from *Spaine*,
All valiant Souldiers, and of worthy prize,
No Caualire did then behinde remaine,
But richly did appeare in ſumptuous wiſe:
Amongſt this martiall crue that was of Fame,
Were theſe (whoſe Proweſſe ſounds vnto the Skies:)
Serpentine, *Balugant* and *Iſolire*,
With other Knights for Honour that aſpire.

Paris reſounds with Muſickes Harmony,
With Trumpets, Drums, with Fiffes, and Bells for ioy,
The barbed Steeds are trapt moſt gorgeouſly,
Each one hath his Deuice and ſeuerall Toy,
With Gold and Pearle, to pleaſe his Miſtris eye,
As to rehearſe the ſame your eares would cloye:
For all did ſeeke (their Emprour for to grace,)
Who ſhould as then, moſt Pompe ſhew in that place.

And now is come the day, in which begin
They ſhould their Solemne Iouſts; when *Charlemaine*,
Attirde in Robes of poudered Ermiline
Inuites each Lord and Knight that thither came,
In his great Hall to feaſt and feed with him,
Since they to honour him had tooke ſuch paine:
The number of which Gueſtes, were as I geſſe,
Twentie two thouſand and thirtie, and no leſſe.

King *Charles* himselfe with cheere ... 5
In Throne of Gold sate at his Table round
Amongst his Peeres, who blythe and merrie were:
And ore against him right, the *Sarasins* on ground,
Who did on boord or bench to sit forbere,
But lay along as Mastiues oft are found:
On Carpets sate they (as their fashion is)
And I dare say, no small pride tooke in this.

Hard by his right side, and on his left hand
Tables were plac't and set in fitte degree:
At first sate none but such as did command
O're *England*, *Brittaine*, and or'e *Lombardie*,
Three famous Kings (as then) of Christen Lande:
Otton, *Salomon*, and *Desiderio* free:
The rest vnnam'de in order tooke their place,
As eu'ry Monarch doth in such a case.

Dukes sate at second Boord, and Marquises,
Earles (onely) at the third, and Caualires;
Much graced were as then the Maganses,
And chiefely *Gano*, who himselfe proud beares,
Rinaldo storms, much it doth him displease
Because he spies by signes those traiterous Peeres,
Amongst themselues doe scoffe and iest at him,
For that as they he is not halfe so trim.

These *Maganses* were a noble House,
And next to *Charles*, mong'st Peeres the chiefst of all:
Yet were they Cowards, base, and timerous,
Traitors, and pickthankes, enuious, full of gall,
Fewe was there of them counted vallerous,
Or held for courage-worthy Knightes and tall:
Yet *Charles*, them more then they deseru'd held deere,
Because of kinne to him so nigh they were.

as he did smile,
Concealing inwardly his wrath in showe,
But to himselfe he said; Base Rascals vile,
Ere long your Betters I will make you knowe,
Ile see how you can fitte your horse the while
I charge against you, as your deadly foe:
For I not doubt (though now so proud you are found)
When we shall meete, to make you kisse the ground.

King *Balugant*, who saw his collour oft
To come and goe, his meaning did diuine:
And therefore by a Trunchman, of him sought
If that in Courte, (mongst Christians, Chiefe and prime)
Men were for wealth or merite raisde aloft:
Because he being a stranger at that time
Desirde to know the custome, least he swerue
In honouring any, as they should deserue.

Rinaldo smiles, and with a cheerefull looke,
To *Balugant* his Messenger thus saide,
Friend, tell thy Maister, since that he can brooke,
Christians by him with Honor should be paide,
Base Gulls at table, Queanes in bedde are tooke
(For sporte) oft mongst vs, and are much of made:
But where we come our valour for to trie,
Each one receaues his Honor orderly.

Whilst thus this Message is deliuered,
Sweete musicke soundes throughout the royall Hall:
The Emperour wils each Boord be furnished
With daintie Cates to feast these Barrons tall,
Carowsing vnto them whilst that they fed,
In cuppes of gold wrought richly ouer all,
Each one he honoureth with this Gift or that,
Shewing thereby, he them hath not forgot.

They frolicke, and are merrie as may be,
Diſcourſing mongſt themſelues in voice but lowe:
King *Pippins* ſonne, that now himſelfe doth ſee
Attended on with ſuch a royall Showe
Of Kings, of Dukes, of Knightes in their degree:
The Pagans ſteemes as duſt that wind doth blow,
But ſee, a chaunce vnlookt for did appeare,
That made both him and all the reſt to feare.

For on the ſodaine did appeare in ſight
Foure Giants great and ſtrong of limme and bone,
And in the midſt of them a Damſell bright
Attended on with one ſole Knight alone,
A ſtarre ſhe ſeemde, ſo glorious was this Wight,
Like her no flowre on earth hath euer growne:
In briefe the trueth to tell, ſhe all did paſſe,
Neuer before her, like for Beautie was.

Yet was ſweete *Galerana* in that place,
And *Alda* wife vnto *Orlando* bould:
Clarice, and *Armelina* faire in face,
And diuers other Ladies left vntold,
Who beauteous were and full of louely grace:
Beauteous indeede, framde right in Natures mould:
But when mongſt them appeard this Flower ſo gay,
The prize of Beautie ſtraight ſhe reft away.

Each Barron braue, and Prince of Chriſtendome,
On that rare Obiect doe their eyes ſtill caſt,
The barbarous Pagans riſe from ground and runne
To honour her, who makes them all agaſt,
Whilſt with ſo ſweete a ſmile ſhines this cleare Sunne,
As ſhe is able, a ſtony heart at laſt
To melt for loue, and to her ſelfe to winne,
And thus to ſpeake ſhe ſmiling doth beginne.

Moſt mightie Lord, thy vertue more then great,
And wondrous valour of thy Peeres of fame,
Whoſe proweſſe ſo far throughout the world doth beat,
As any ſeas their vtmoſt bounds containe,
Giue me ſome hope; the trauel, and the ſweat
Of vs poore Pilgrimes ſhall not be in vaine:
Since both thy Court and thee we comen are
To honour from the worlde his ende afarre.

And that I may not holde thee ouer long,
Know this the reaſon is I came to thee,
This is *Vberto* (ſurnamde *Leo*) ſtrong,
A Noble borne and Knight of chiualrie,
Expulſt from out his kingdome by much wrong,
(Wronged like him could neuer any be:)
And I that was baniſht with him that day,
His ſiſter am, and calld *Angelica*.

From hence 200 daies iourney at leaſt,
At *Tana* (where our Countrie is) we haue
Heard much of this thy royall Iouſtes, and Feaſt
And of th'aſſembly of theſe Gallants braue,
And that who beſt deſerues, is not poſſeſt
Of golde or pearle, (gifts for a ſeruile ſlaue)
But to enhance his vertuous honour more,
The Conquerour, a crowne of roſes wore.

This is the cauſe *Vberto* brother mine
Meanes for to trie his force and valour heere,
Mongſt all the flower of Barrons of this time:
All will he trie, although he buy it deere,
Be he a Chriſten or a Saracin,
Without the Cittie gates he will appeare,
Hard at the Pine within the meddow greene,
Which *Merlins* tombe is called as I weene.

But yet with this condition will he iouſt
As Ile repeate, that all may know the ſame;
Who ſhall vnhorſt be, and from ſaddle thruſt,
No more ſhall runne his honour to regaine,
But yeelde himſelfe as priſner to him muſt;
And who *Vberto* layes on ſandie plaine,
My perſon ſhall enioy to him for praye,
And he with Giants his ſhall wend their waye.

Thus hauing ſaide, fore *Charles* ſhe kneels on ground,
Expecting his ſhort anſwere ſpeedily,
Her feature rare doth make them all aſtound,
And chiefly ſtout *Orlando* who drawes nie
To her with trembling heart, through Loues deepe wound,
Although it to conceale he had an eie:
Caſting his lookes ofttimes on th'earth below:
As one aſhamde thereof he well did ſhowe.

Alas fond man, he to him ſelfe then ſaide,
Why giu'ſt thou ſo large raine vnto thy will?
Perceiu'ſt thou not in errors thou doſt wade?
And gainſt thy God (as peruerſe) ſinneſt ſtill?
Ah how am I by Fortune ouerlaide!
I ſee my fault, e cannot mend this ill:
I that the worldes great'ſt forçe did ſet at naught,
Am by a ſeelly girle orecome and caught.

To part from her ſweet face I haue no powre,
My liſe vppon her louely lookes doth ſtay,
Withouten her I languiſh eu'ry houre,
And ſoule from out this body wends her way:
Now ſee I well no force, nor frowning ſhowre
Can loue withſtand, whom I muſt now obay:
"Wiſedome helpes not, nor good aduiſe to chuſe,
"What's beſt I know, yet beſt I doe refuſe.

She is a Heathen, I a Christen borne,
Nor know I if she me will euer like,
May be shee'le other loue, and me will scorne,
(And yet for him she is, that best can fight;)
I know not if my fortune be forlorne,
Yet for her sake, Ile trie her brothers might:
My hop's that soone shall ended be this strife,
Either Ile win her, or Ile lose my life.

Thus to himselfe laments this Barron bolde,
Of his new Loue, vncertaine of her grace;
The like Duke *Namo* did though he were olde,
("Wood old and drie burnes soon in such a case,)
Hee shakes as one troubled with agew colde,
And all his blood doth run from out his face:
In briefe, her pleasing beautie rare was such,
As *Charles* him selfe (with ech one) likte her much.

All stoode stone still as they were in a maze,
Staring vppon her with no small delight,
But youthfull *Ferraw*, whose heat was no blaze
But sparckling fire, thrise meant by force of might,
To take her from the Giantes, and thrise stayes,
As loth the rest of Barrons to despight.
Therefore his first entent he soone let fall,
Least he should be condemned of them all.

He stamps and leapes as if he trode on brier,
He shakes his head, nor knowes he what to doe,
Rinaldo with the rest his hart's on fier,
Assoone as he began her for to view,
But *Malagi* that knew her, comming nigh her,
(Quoth he vnto himselfe) Ile make thee rue
That here thou camst enchauntresse false and vile,
"For to deceiue deceiuers tis no guile.

King *Charles* a long diſcourſe makes pleaſantly,
Vnto this Damſell whom he doth adore,
The longer for to haue her companie,
He wondring talkes, and talking wonders more,
Nor dares he (what ſhe doth requeſt) denie,
But all confirmes, though he repent therfore,
Swearing to keepe what he fore her doth ſay,
Wherewith ſhe pleaſde wends with her troup away.

Scarſe were they paſſed through the Cittie wall,
But *Malagigi* takes his Booke in hande,
Foure diuels from depth of hell he foorth doth call,
Whom (what ſhal hap) to tell he doth commaund,
But ſoone his frightfull minde they did appall,
When he by them was giuen to vnderſtand,
King *Charles* no better was then one that's dead,
And all his court vndone diſhonored.

For this yong maide ſurpaſſing beautie faire,
Sole daughter was vnto King *Galafron*,
Full of deceit, in falſhoode paſsing rare,
And of enchaunted ſpells knew euery one,
Come was ſhe hither for to bring much care,
To Chriſten Knights, and ſent by that olde crone,
With her brother, who *Argalia* had to name,
(And not *Vberto*) as ſhe falſe did faine.

A wondrous horſe this olde man gaue his ſonne,
As blacke as cole, more ſwift then whirling winde,
A target and a breſt-plate faire that ſhonne,
With helmet ſuch, and ſword he him aſsignde,
All which by magike art were wrought and donne,
(For deere he loude him, and to him was kinde:)
Withall a launs he had of glittring golde,
Moſt ritch and ſtrangly wrought for to behold,

His Father ſent him with this armour braue,
Thinking (through this) he was inuincible,
Beſides a pretious Ring he to him gaue,
Though he it vſde not, yet it did excell;
For being in ones mouth, it men did ſaue
Vnſeene, and kept them as inuiſible;
Holding it on the left ſide, without harme,
And worne on hand, all witchcrafts did vncharme.

But chiefely that *Angelica* ſhould go
With him in companie was his deuiſe,
Becauſe he knew her flattering face as tho,
Each Barron bolde to combate would entice,
Whom, when ſhe could by witchcraft ouerthrow,
She ſhould bring with her, as her beauties priſe:
Bound faſt in chaines to *Galafron*, where he
Would vſe them worſe then curs or máſtiues be.

Thus do the ſprites of *Malagigi* faine,
Whom we will leaue his buſines to mine,
And to *Argalia* we will come againe,
Who is to *Merlins* tombe come by this time,
Pitching a ritch pauilion on the plaine,
(Within the meddow) wrought with cunning fine:
Wherevnder he himſelfe doth ſtraite repoſe,
For great deſire to reſt himſelfe he ſhowes.

Angelica not far from him doth keepe,
Vpon the ground her golden treſſes lay,
Vnder the Pine ſhe by a ſpring doth ſleepe,
The Giants foure as Gardiants bout her ſtay;
An Angell, and no earthly creature leeke,
Whilſt in a ſlumber ſweet ſhee ſmiling lay:
Her brothers ring whereof we ſpake before,
Of pretious vertue, ſhe on finger wore.

Now

Now *Malagigi* doth a Diuell beſtride,
And ſoftly in the Ayre doth thither come,
Where he the Maide how ſhe doth lye hath ſpide,
Hard by the Fountaine that doth trickling runne:
The watchfull Giants foure he hath diſcride,
Who (to their Charge to looke) no labour ſhunne.
Foule vgly Beaſtes (ſaith he) ill you befall,
Il'e catch you ſtraight, ſaunce ſtriking ſtrooke at all.

Your threatnings proud, your grim and gaſtly looke
Shall ſmall auaile, your darts nor weapons ſtrong:
Il'e plague you all, you (ſleeping) ſhall be tooke,
As Raſcals baſe, that meant vs thus to wrong.
And ſaying ſo, he forth doth take his Booke,
With other Tooles, nor thus he ſtayed long:
But ere that he one leafe had well nigh read,
They all fell ſound aſleepe as they were dead.

That done, he to the Virgin nigh doth drawe,
His ſworde vnſheathing ſoftly her to kill,
But when ſo ſweete a daintie face he ſawe,
To murther her he had but little will:
To vſe her ſo, he thinkes t'is too hard Lawe,
At laſt he ſaith, My mind I'le thus fulfill,
By Magicke arte to ſleepe I will her make,
And ſo my pleaſure on her ſweetly take.

Vpon the graſſe he flings his naked ſworde,
And takes his boeke vnto him once againe,
Before he leaues, he readeth euery worde,
But to what end? his charming is in vaine:
The vertue of her Ring the ſame procurde,
But *Malagigi* who knew not the ſame,
Thinking ſhe could not ſtir once in that place,
Begins her in his armes for to embrace,

She skriching out, a feareful noyse doth make,
Wretch that I am (cries she) I am betraide:
Poore *Malagigi* well nigh dead for feare doth quake,
When he perceiues his cunning so to vade.
Argalia with her cry as then did wake,
When she was like strange sporte to haue assaide.
Who halfe awake, halfe sleeping as he was,)
Vnarmd and nakte, out of his Tent did passe.

And seeing on the sodain in that place,
A fellowe tumbling his faire Sister by,
He so amazde was at this vncouth case,
As he at first durst not approach them nye,
But after comming to himself in a space,
He thought with cudgell to kill him presently:
Crying to him: Villaine thou art but dead,
That hast my Sister thus dishonoured.

Nay, binde him first (cride she) good Brother mine
Fore him I let goe, for a Coniurer
He is; and were not for this Ring of thine,
Thy force (as now) too weake against him were:
This said, the young man runnes, and stayth no time,
Where as the Gyants lay, but nere the neere,
For though he cride, and paines therein did take,
Th'enchantment was so strong, they could not wake.

He shakes and tugs and puls them to and fro:
But to no ende, which when he doth it see,
From out his Club he puls a chaine as tho,
And doth returne where as the other bee,
Sadde *Malagigi* binding, full of woe;
And fore he could do so, much paine had he,
His necke, his armes, his legges no chaine did misse,
No part from head to foote, but fettered is.

As soone as he was backe and bellie bounde,
The Damsell searcheth forthwith in his breast,
And there the damned Booke she straightway founde:
Which Circles strange, and shapes of Fiendes expresst.
No sooner she some wordes therein did sound,
And opened had those damned leaues vnblest,
But Sprites of th'ayre, earth, sea, came out of hand
Crying alowde, What is't you vs command?

I will (quoth she) this prisoner you conuay
Twixt India, and Tartaria, and him bring
Into that Cittie calde Cataia:
Where *Galafron* my father raignes as King,
That I him sent as Prisoner, to him say,
And that I cause was of his prisoning,
Tell him, now I this man in Bonds haue caught,
Charles other Barons I esteeme as naught.

No sooner said she so, but that in th'ayre
Carried was *Malagi*, fore *Galafron*,
Who vnder Sea, a prison did prepare
For him, within a rocke of flintie stone.
And now through Ring the Gyants wakened are
By faire *Angelica* through vertue showne,
They wondering at the same, doe maruell much,
How they escapt vnkild from danger such.

Whilst thus abroad, this busie busines goes,
Contention great in Paris doth arise,
Because *Orlando* doth himselfe dispose,
To be the first to tilt in martiall wise:
But *Pipins* sonne vnwilling hereof showes,
And as a thing gainst reason him denies:
So doe the Paladines, so doe the rest,
Each will goe first, each man himselfe thinkes best,

Orlando doubtes leſt that ſome other man
Should winne his Miſtreſſe, whome he holdes ſo deare:
For who vnhorſe her Brother (brauely) can,
May her (as Conquerers prize) home with him beare.
Now he that his owne ſtrength did rightly skan,
Thought her his owne, (as if he conquered were)
Onely it grieues him ouer long to ſtay:
"For Louers thinke a yeere the ſhorteſt day.

A Counſell hereupon in Courte they call,
And euery thing is right examined:
Where euery one to ende this martiall Brall,
What beſt he can for his behoofe hath ſedd:
But in the ende this is agreede of all:
That they by Fortune ſhall be ordered,
And he on whome the Lot ſhall firſt alight,
Shall haue the honor firſt to goe and fight.

Forthwith the names of Euery Palatine
Were taken, writ and placed ſecretly:
Each Chriſtian Knight, and Barons Saracine,
And in a pot of gold put by and by:
Which done they call a little boy that time,
Who (one by one) doth draw them orderly,
As to his hand chaunce, and the firſt that came,
Aſtolfo hight of England he did name.

Next vnto him was *Ferraw* read alowd,
Rinaldo thirde, the fourth was *Dudon* bold,
Grandonio then, a Giant huge and prowd,
Then *Berlinger*, and then King *Otton* old,
The paper next King *Charles* his name did ſhrowd,
And that I may you here no longer hold,
Thirtie were drawne before *Orlandoes* tourne;
Imagine then, how he did grieue and mourne.

Fore all was doone, it grew neere to be night,
Duke *Aastolff* with a bold and dauntlesse cheere,
Calls for his weapons and his Armour bright,
And though small time for to prouide him were,
Considering that next morning he must fight,
Yet speakes he brauely; for nought did he feare:
Saying he quickly end would this prowd warre,
And at the first take *Vbert* prisonar.

One thing I now must tell you by the way:
NoBaron was as English *Astolfe* faire
Courtlike and kinde, and rich in his array.
But somewhat wantonly himselfe he bare,
Commend his valour yet not much I may,
For many times ill lucke hapt to his share;
Yet would he say, t'was chaunce, not want of skill,
He was vnhorst; such his excuse was still.

But for to come againe vnto my Tale:
By this time is he armed at his pleasure,
Bright Orient Pearle his Target doth impale,
His Armour counteruailes a good Kings Treasure,
And all of Gold is wrought his shirt of male,
His Helmet costly is beyond all measure,
By reason of a Rubie therein put,
A rich one t'was, as bigge as any Nut.

His braue Caparisons with Leopards
Embost were, sumptuously with glittering gold,
Alone he rides, nor company regards:
But like a Champion stout, his way doth hold,
T'was earlie, therefore he staies afterwards,
When *Merlins* tombe he came vnto most bold:
Where he his horne puts to his mouth and blowes,
And warning of his comming thereby showes.

Argalia heares the noyse, and straight doth rise,
For he did lie hard by the foresaid Spring,
To arme himselfe, he straightway doth deuise,
From toppe to foote, nor wantes he any thing,
And gainst *Astolfo* goeth in warlike wise,
He and his horse in white show glistering:
His shield on arme, his golden launce in hand,
Which many Knightes hath cast downe on the sand.

Each one the other kindly doth salute,
Their first conditions they againe renew,
Angelica stands by with smiling looke,
Whilst they to th'end of Lists themselues withdrew,
Which done, they run with launce in wrest, that shooke,
Striuing who shall by force of stroke subdue:
But braue *Astolfo* at th'encounter furst,
Was strait vnhorst and on the ground was thrust.

Vpon the sand tumbling he lies along,
And chafing saith, ah fortune false and slie,
Too partiall still to doe me mickle wrong,
My sadle was the cause I fell, not I,
For had I bin to keepe my seate so strong,
The Dame had mine bin, and that presently:
Thou madst me fall, because I Christian am,
The more to raise this Pagans glorious fame.

The Giants strait as prisner take this Knight,
Conducting him to a Pauilion faire,
And when he was of armour spoiled quite,
To view him well the Damsell doth not spare,
For he was comely, and a goodly wight,
Which was the cause she had of him some care:
As pittying him, commaunding he should be,
Honour'd far more then with his state did gree.

He was not bound, nor any did him garde,
But at the fountaine for his pleasure staide,
Angelica still lookes vpon him harde,
(Yet vnperceiude) for light the Moone displaide,
But when the gloomy night her seing barrde,
He, in a stately bed to rest was laide:
Whilst with her brother, she, and Giants stoute,
Kept watch their ritch Pauilion without.

Now *Ferraw* comes when scarse tis breake of day,
In complet armour brauely to contend,
And with his horne doth sound so strange a saye,
As if the world should at that blast haue ende,
The voice was such, as all men there did fray,
Who from that sound themselues sought to defend:
Onely *Argalia* for it doth not passe,
Quickly he rose, and soone he armed was.

On head th'enchaunted helmet he puts on,
And mounteth on his wooundrous flying steed,
His sword he places his right side vpon,
And takes his shielde, and launce, as he had need,
Nor slow in pace seemes startling *Rabicon*,
But treades so light, and with such winged speed,
As in the grauell where he trampling goes,
No signe of any print of feete he showes.

Ferraw doth longe vntill *Argalia* come,
" For euery Louer long delayes doth hate,
And seeing him, his talke with him's soone done,
He staith not much with him to parl and prate,
In steed of him saluting, he doth run,
Gainst him with speare his foes best force to bate,
For he makes sure account, and durst to sweare,
That he the Lady faire away shall beare.

But he no ſooner with his enimies launce
Was toucht, but he was mazde in wondrous wiſe,
No more with force he could him ſelfe aduaunce,
For all his amourous heat on ſudaine dies,
Neuer before was heard of ſuch a chaunce,
For downe he falls on ground: and there he lies:
Yet he not ſcarce ſo ſoone had toucht the graſſe,
But that he ſtrait reuiude, and luſty was.

"Loue, heat of youth, the nature of ſome man,
Hath many, oft, through too much ire orethrowne,
And *Ferraw* louing much, as many can,
Was yong, and prowd, and ouer haſtie growne,
And who with ſuch conuerſe, in danger ſtan,
He on his friend, for nothing would haue flowne:
He was ſo froward and of ſo ſauadge mind,
As for a fether to fight you ſhould him find.

Anger and ſhame ſoone made him riſe from ground,
He gets him vp, and now reuengde he'le be,
Forgot he hath how he by oath is bound
To yeeld himſelfe, his ſworde now draweth he,
And towards *Argalia* running comes he round,
Who when to breake his worde he doth him ſee,
Saith thus to him, thou art my priſonar,
And both thy ſelfe and me wrongſt thus to iarre.

Ferraw heares not what he to him doth ſay,
But meanes by force therwith for to diſpence,
Which when the Giants ſee, hard by that ſtay,
They all come towardes *Argalia* for defence,
And forth ſo great a crie aloud they braye,
As if it were ſome thunders violence,
So great a cry theſe roaring Giants make,
As two miles off the ground was found to ſhake.

This

This made *Ferraw* looke backe, but not to feare:
Argoſto was the Gyant firſt that came,
Monſtrous in growth; *Lampordo* did appeare
Next, clept *Velluto*, (ſo was his ſurname)
Becauſe his bodie's all ore'growne with heare:
Vrgano was the third (for ſtrength) of fame,
Turlone was the fourth, who was in heig[illegible]
Iuſt thirtie foote, when he ſtood bolt vp[illegible]

Lampordo firſt did greet him with a dart,
And had't not bene his body woundleſſe was
By Deſt'nie, ſtruck he had beene at the hart,
With ſuch great force it on his breaſt did paſſe
But neuer plaide a gray-hound ſwifter part,
Nor whirle-winde whiskes in troubled ſeas with ea.
Nor thunderbolte comes halfe ſo ſoone from heaue.
As *Ferraw* for reuenge ſought to be euen.

He hittes *Lampordo* on the righteſt ſide,
And pares him off in midſt hard at the thies,
The mortall wound cutts through his Nauell wide,
Nor thinkes he this braue blowe muſt him ſuffice,
His ſworde each where about him he doth glide,
For th'other three beſet him in ſore wiſe:
Worthy *Argalia* vantage will not take,
But looketh on to ſee what end they'le make.

Ferraw leapes vp full twentie feet at leaſt,
To reach to the Giants, who were monſtrous hie,
His ſworde by chance is on *Vrgano* ſeaſt,
Cleaueing his head to's teeth moſt furiouſly,
But whilſt he bids them to this bitter feaſt,
Argoſto doth his yron club let flie:
And ſuch a dangerous blow he doth him giue,
As blood from forth his noſe and mouth doth driue,

This made him fiercer then he was before,
As one that nothing fearde in ſuch a caſe,
So as with ſtrokes, that Giant downe he bore,
Cutting his ſhoulders off to'th girdling place,
But now he grew to be in danger ſore,
For *Turbon* who was ſtrongeſt of that race,
Caught him within his armes, though he did ſtriue,
Meaning to cary him away aliue.

But was it force, or fortune of the Knight?
I know not wliich, but ſoone from him he got:
The Gyant then with iron Club doth fight:
And *Ferraw* with his ſwordc, who weyes him not:
Seldome they miſſe, hitting each other right,
And now the Fray begins afreſh moſt hot,
And each of other, now his handes full hath,
Striuing to giue each other harme and skath.

No dallying is there twixt themſelues as now,
The Gyant with all force that he can make,
Striking the Barons helmet off, doth wound his brow:
Diſarming quite his head he makes him quake:
But *Ferraw* makes him like an Oxe to low,
So great a blow he doth him rightly take
Vpon the legges (though they in male were ſhutte,)
As off from bodie his, he them doth cutte.

Th'one dying, th'other falling in a ſound,
Both (at one inſtant) fell as dead they were:
Argalia lightes from horſe, and from the ground,
The Knight doth to the Spring moſt kindly bere:
And with freſh water which did there abound,
He him reuiues againe, and doth him chere.
That done, he leade him would vnto his Tent:
But *Ferraw* to be priſoner, nill conſent.

For what care I (ſaith he) though Th'emperor
Promiſde that ſuch Conditions firme ſhould ſtand;
Am I his Vaſſall or his Seruitor,
That he vnto my loſſe may me command?
I came to fight for Loue (like Conqueror)
With thee, thy Siſter faire for to haue gaind:
And her I'le haue(or els I here will die) -
Leſſe I haue loſt my wonted Chiualrie.

Aſtolfo hearing ſuch a noyſe and dyn,
Begun out of his heauie ſleepe to come:
Beſides the Gyants ſhowte had waked him,
Whoſe Eccho to his eares from Meade did runne:
And ſeeing theſe two Champions to begin
A freſh to brawle(which he would haue them ſhunne)
Sought all the meanes, as friendes to make them gree;
But *Ferraw* to it would not perſwaded bee.

Alas poore man, ſaid then *Argalia*,
Perceiuſt thou not howe thou vnarmed art?
Perhaps thou thinkſt thy Helmet ſtill doth ſtay
Vpon thy head, which broke's in many a part,
Then chuſe, if Priſoner thou wilt be, or ſlay
I ſhall thee, (though to doe ſo grieues my heart:)
For if thou fightſt and nothing haſt on head,
Thou canſt not ſcape, but ſoone thou muſt be dead.

Ferraw replide, and yet my minde me tels,
Withouten helmet, armour or with ſword,
I ſhall thee conquer, though I nought haue els,
Naked with thee to fight I can afford
For my deere Loue(deſpite of charming Spels:)
Thus braude this Baron, nor one foote thence ſturd:
For Loue had him ſo heated with deſire,
He would for her haue leapt into the fire.

Argalia now began to sweare and stare,
Seeing so basely he of him did steeme,
As being nakte, (to combat) durst him dare,
And that being twise o'recome before, doth seeme
Still prowder, nor for him at all doth care,
But better then at first his strength doth deeme:
Well Knight (quoth he) I see thou seekst thy Bane,
And since thou dost, Il'e soone giue thee the same.

Now doe thy worst, and quickly take thy horse,
For I haue vide thee too too ouer-well:
Nor thinke once more in me to finde remorse
For Helmet lost, which from thy head late fell:
Th'ast offered wrong, and find shalt hardest force:
"Pittie to thankelesse men I will not sell;
Looke to thy selfe, and that full warily,
No way there is but one, thou needes must dye.

Hereat did *Ferraw* smile, his wordes he waide
As nothing, but to his horse himselfe did take:
That done, (Sir Knight, a word with you) he said,
Giue me thy sister faire, and for her sake
Commaund me, and thou shalt be straight obaid.
I will be friendes with thee, and handes will shake:
But if to graunt this: thou denie me now,
Il'e send thee to another world, I make a vow.

Argalia was with anger so ore'come,
To heare these speeches arrogant and prowde,
As to his horse, he in a rage doth runne,
Threatning he speakes he knowth not what alowde,
So fast it coms out of his roling tongue:
He drawes his sworde, and fiercely towards him bowdes
Forgetting (to his coste) his golden launce,
Which at the Pine tree he had left by chaunce.

Both ſtorming thus, they meet with ſwords in hand,
And each doth other turne from off his ſteed,
Stronger then theſe the world cannot commaund,
Nor liues there, that in valour them exceed,
Did here *Orlando* or *Rinaldo* ſtand,
Yet who would proue moſt valiant, doubt t'would breed,
As by the ſequell of the ſecond ſong,
You heare ſhall, for this firſt hath bin too long.

THE ARGVMENT.

Angelica *from combate takes her flight,*
Whilst Ferraw *with her brother doth contend,*
Who followeth after her on Courser light;
Ferraw, Rinaldo, *and* Orlando *wend*
To finde her out, with all their force and might,
And her to seeke, in vaine their labour spend:
Charles *Iousts begin, where Pagans passing braue*
Carry themselues: the foile the Christians haue.

HOnour and *Loue* together here do fight,
Argalia his faire sister to defend,
Ferraw for sweet *Angelica*, his might (tend,
Doth shew; gainst Loue, for loue he doth con-
Of valour n'er was seene so rare a sight,
Thrise happie they that so their liues do end:
None honours, loues his Mistris more then I,
Yet I cashierd am most disdainfully.

I honour her and tender her good name,
More then the deerest apples of mine eine,
So much I loue her, as her loue to gaine,
Gladly I woulde dispend this life of mine,
Yet she my chaste request quits with disdaine,
Shewing of pittie not so much as signe:
My heart she seekes to tyranize and kill,
Shee borne to punish, I to suffer still.

(Before) I tolde you how our Champions were
Buckling together with despight and ire,
Argalia doth reuenge on *Ferraw* sweare,
And *Ferraw* burns gainst him with like desire,
The one enchaunted armour strong doth beare,
The others death by wound none can conspire,
Saue in one place, with steele that couered was,
As hardly any weapon through could passe.

Who hath two Lions seene combat in Wood,
When they together meet most furiously,
Or who two thundercraks to heare hath stood,
Which flashing lightning doth before descrie,
(Comparde to this strange fight) see nothing shud,
So desperat are they whilst their force they trie:
Heauen seemes to burne, and all the worlde to quake,
Whenas their sparkling blades encounter make.

They lay on load, with blowes themselues to smother,
Frowning with disdainfull lookes, and collor great,
Th'one thinking to be stronger then the other
Trembles for rage, and doth with labour sweat,
And now *Argalia* ore his foe doth houer,
And on his naked head his sworde doth seat,
Thinking, that with that stroke he him had giuen,
His soule from out his bodie he had driuen.

But when he sawe vpon his sworde most plaine,
No blood to be, he was amazed so,
As haire on head vpright gan to remaine,
It seemde to him to be so strange a show,
But *Ferraw* meanes to shew to him like game,
Thinking to cleaue his armour braue as tho,
Crying to *Macon* now I thee commende,
For with this blow I thee to him will send.

And saying so, his force he gathereth round,
With both his hands at him he hard doth strike,
As had it beene a rocke of diamond,
He that stroke in twaine had cleude it quite,
The well wrought Helme that was enchaunted found,
Was cause withouten hurt it there did light:
If *Ferraw* thereat wondered, iudge but you,
He was so mazde, scarce what he did he knew.

But after they had breathed for a space,
(Pawsing a while) withouten striking stroke,
One wondring at the other in this case,
(For not one word as yet tweene them was spoke,)
Argalia first to *Ferraw* turnes his face,
Baron quoth he (for now he silence broke)
This armour which I weare, I will thou know,
Is by enchauntment made from top to toe.

Then leaue off with me, more thy force to trie,
For nought hereby but danger thou canst haue:
So helpe me *Macon*, as I doe not lie
(Saith *Ferraw*) I no armour neede, to saue
My selfe, for what thou seest on me with eye,
I cary but for shew and flourish braue,
And not for need, for I vnto the bone,
All ore am woundlesse, saue one side alone.

Therefore Let me this councell to thee giue,
For, for thy good I now speake as a friend,
Seeke not (as wilfull) death, when thou maist liue,
For if thou wilt, this quarrell soone shall end:
Thy sister graunt to me for whom I grieue,
Else thee the world from death cannot defend:
But if thou shalt be found so kinde to me,
I shall be bound for euer vnto thee.

Couragious Baron then *Argalia* sayd,
Thy oft mou'de motion well I vnderstand:
I, for thy loue, (not feare) am well apaid,
To haue with thee a friendly kinsmans band.
But I will know before I further wade,
If with her liking good this bargaine stand,
Els I'le doe naught; *Ferraw* replies, Content:
Goe, talke with her, to know if shee'le consent.

Ferraw, (though young,) hard fauoured was, not faire,
With morphew tand, his speech was full of pride,
A countenance grim and terrible he bare,
His eyelids quicke, and like a Ferret eyde:
To keepe his body cleane he ne're did care,
For on his face great store of dust did bide.
His head like to a sugar loafe was sharpe,
His heare cole-blacke, by nature curld, not Art.

Angelica mislikes him for this cause,
For she did loue the Flaxen yellowish heare,
And to *Argalia* saith, when he did pause:
Kinde Brother, well I know you hold me deare,
Yet first I'le cast my selfe in swallowing jawes
Of these deepe waters, or begge euery wheare,
Then take for husband such a man as he,
"Better be dead, then with a madman be.

Therefore I pray thee for God *Macon* sake,
That thou be pleasde, although I can not like:
Once more thy weapons gainst that Baron take,
Meane while by magicke Art I'le worke the slight,
My selfe to be conuayed home to make:
Follow me after thou mayst, by some fained flight.
I by Ardennas wood will take my way,
And there for thee vntill thou come will stay.

To th'end we both may glad our auncient Sire,
Who longes for vs: but if within three dayes
You come not to me, as I you require,
I through the windes as then will goe my wayes,
Through helpe of coniuring Booke of that Dogde Squire,
Who (for he would haue rauisht me) deere payes:
And after you may come by land with ease
To me; the way you know if so you please.

Argalia backe comes, nor to tell doth misse,
How he his Sister cannot make consent:
Ferraw giue ouer will not for all this,
But stil to combat with him is he bent,
To winne her, or to die, his minde it is,
And whilst to hold him still in fight he ment:
The Maid doth vanish from them sodainly,
Which soone the ielous Louer doth espie.

For as he fought, he oft lookt her vpon,
Thinking his force did double and not lacke,
But after that he saw that she was gone,
He had small minde to keepe him longer tacke:
Meane space *Argalia* with his horse is flowne
Like windeaway, and from him turnes his backe;
Out of the Meddow he doth spurre apace,
Leauing the fight, and *Ferraw* in that place.

Th'ennamorde youth, gulld seeing himselfe to be,
(As madde) out of the Meade doth runne amaine,
Into the Wood he goeth to search and see,
Whilst in his face he redde lookes like the flame:
To thinke how he is mocked, grieude is he,
Vowing to be reuenged for the same:
And still he runnes, and pries, but all in waste,
For what he seekes, he cannot finde in haste.

Now let vs to *Aſtolfo* turne (that Knight)
Who as you know, alone ſtayd at the Spring,
Viewing with pleaſure how thoſe twaine did fight:
And at their matchleſſe Valor wondering;
He now is free, maugre all Fortunes ſpight:
And thanketh God that ſo releaſed him:
And leaſt delay with danger ſhould him croſſe,
He being armde, betakes him to his horſe.

But now a Speare wanteth our Pallatine;
For in his fall, his brake vnhappilie:
He lookes about, and at foote of the Pine,
(Whereas *Argalia's* was) he doth eſpie;
A faire one t'was, ſet out with gold moſt fine,
And all enammeled ouer curiouſly:
With this rich Launce furniſht, he homewardes makes,
Nor any other thing with him he takes.

Thus as he forwardes on his iourney ſet,
Merrie and blythe to thinke he ſcapte ſuch Thrall:
Hard by the Wood ſide he *Rinaldo* met,
Reporting vnto him what had befall.
Duke *Aymons* Sons ſtomacke Loue ſo had whet,
As in no place he reſt him could at all:
Therefore he forth of Paris walls was come,
That he might know what *Ferraw* now had done.

But when he heard, the Knights into the Wood
Were runne together, he no more doth ſay,
But turnes his horſe, and ſpurs till forth coms blood,
And on *Rayardos* ſlowneſſe fault doth lay:
His Lordes impatience beares this Gelding good;
As if like tyred Iade he ledde the way.
This Gelding good which with ſuch haſte doth goe,
As ſcarſe doth ſhaft when out it flies from bow.

But leaue we now *Rinald* his loue about,
And turne we to *Astolf*, who is to Paris come:
Whom soone pensiue *Orlando* findeth out,
And cunningly (Suspition for to shunne)
Demaunds of him the Battell that was fought,
But of *Angelica* he nothing said but Mum,
To talke with him of her he did refraine,
Because he knew he was a Pratler vaine.

But when he heard the Ladie with the rest,
Into the Wood one after other ranne,
And that *Rinaldo* followed them in Quest,
He went his way, with countenance pale and wanne,
Flinging himselfe on Bedde with griefe oppresst,
As he no longer liue for sorrow can,
This valiant Knight, true Valors chiefest Ioy,
Weepes on his Pallet like a peeuish Boy.

Woe's me (saith he) that in this weakned corse,
I no defence against my foe can proue:
Why should not *Durindana* be of force?
Battell to wage against this Tyrant Loue,
Since it my Soule torments without remorse,
As no such griefe so much my sense can moue:
What plague (compard to mine) can rightly be,
Who burne in Loue, and freeze in Ielousie.

I know not if that fauour Angelicke,
To me vnworthy, so great grace will show,
For more then treble blessed is that Wight,
On whome she'le daine such kindnesse to bestow,
And fore all Creatures he may vaunt aright,
Who can in credit with so sweete Saint grow.
But if in s'dainfull termes gainst me she stands,
I murther will my selfe with mine owne hands.

Ah ſhould *Rinaldo* in the wood by chance,
Meet with this louely virgin ſecretly,
He would (his beaſtly hot deſire to ſtaunch)
Her maidenhead enioy, or he would die,
And now perhaps he leads her ſuch a daunce,
The whilſt like to a puling woman I,
Leane with my hand vppon my face with griefe,
Eaſing my ſelfe with tears without reliefe.

May be, I thinke, if I conceale the ſame,
I couer may the heate which burns my heart,
But neuer Ile die for a little ſhame,
For by Gods grace from hence at night Ile part,
From foorth of *Paris* for to finde this Dame,
This Dame that doth procure my deadly ſmart:
Whom (both by heat and colde) vntill I meet,
In earth, in ſea, in heauen, in hell Ile ſeeke.

So ſaying, vp he leapeth from his bed,
Where he long time wailing his hap had laine,
He longes for night and with that hope is fed,
Now here, now there, doth run his troubled braine,
To ſtay ſo long great griefe within him bred,
And now heele take this courſe, and now that ſame,
But th'euening had no ſooner baniſht light,
But ſecretly in armes himſelfe he dight.

He had not then his vſuall coulours on,
For now in blackiſh purple he is clad,
Braue *Briliadoro* he doth tide vpon,
Whilſt forth alone from *Paris* he goeth ſad,
Vnknowne to all that he away is gone,
For, for the nonce his flight conceald he had:
Heauie he went, oft ſighing with pale looke,
And towardes *Ardenna*, he his iorny tooke.

A worthy Knight, as first Defendant came,
His skie coullour'd shield a Moone of siluer bore,
Lord of *Bordello*, *Angelin* by name,
A Peere of *France*, and one well tride before,
Whom *Serpentine* him selfe to meete doth frame,
And that so swiftly as no winde is more:
On th'other side, stout *Angelino*'s prest,
Him to encounter with his speare in wrest.

On brest plate the Defendant *Serpentine*
Doth hit, but yet he is not strucken downe,
Stooping low, himselfe whilst he saueth fine,
Running against his foe with furious frowne,
And on the face so strikes the Paladine,
As vp his heeles flie, and he falls on groun:
Whereat the people showt alowd and far,
Saying the conqueror is the Knight with Star.

Riccardo next prickt forwarde full of might,
And Duke he was of fruitfull *Normandy*,
A golden Lion bare this warlike Knight
In bloody field, and runs as he would fly,
But *Serpentine* at shocke did hit him right,
(As he halfe way to meet him fast did hie,)
Giuing to him so shrewde and drie a blowe,
That he his head on grauel pitcht below.

This, *Balugant* made not a litle prowd,
To see his sonne so brauely him bestcares,
Now cometh he whose target Chesse doth shrowd,
And on his Crest a golden crowne he weares,
King *Salomon* rushing from forth the crowde,
Seeking his Riuall whom he nothing feares:
But *Serpentine* a counterbuffe him giues,
As to the ground both horse and man hee driues.

Astolfo then doth take the golden Launce,
Which late *Argalia* left in Meadow greene,
Three golden Leopards in Shield he doth aduaunce
In a Vermilion field, faire to be seene:
Well ranne he, yet vnhappie was his chaunce:
Vnder his Courser he o'rethrowne was cleene,
He lay for dead, nor could he see the light,
Besides strucke out of ioynt was his legge right.

Sortie were all for this his Fortune hard,
And *Serpentine* as much grieude as the rest:
For in the shocke he thought him to haue sparde,
But could not: so his horse him forward prest:
The Duke (to his lodging borne) but badly farde,
Yet soone reuiude, for quickely he was dresst,
And ere t'was long, so well he tended was,
His legge was well, himselfe too in good case.

Though *Serpentine* the Deuill thus doth play,
Yet will *Ogier* the Dane buckle with him:
He flies on horsebacke like the windes away,
When from the Sea it commeth with a swing:
A Target blew he had displaying gay,
Whereon a Wedge of gold was painted trim,
A Basiliske like Serpent he did beare
Vpon his Creast, in signe he nought did feare.

The Trumpets sound, the Knightes set spurs to horse,
Th'one meeting th'other with strange furie fierce:
Two claps of Thunder ioyne not with such force:
Ogier his enemies saddle through doth pierce,
That longer it could not vphold his corse,
The stroke was monstrous trueth for to rehearse,
So as he backward from his horse doth fall,
Downe tumbles he on th'earth with head and all.

Thus Conqueror of the Field *Ogier* became,
Which he againſt all Commers muſt defend:
King *Ballugant* lookt redde as fierie flame,
Becauſe his Sonne had made ſo badde an end,
And he will trie if he can take like ſhame;
And him the Dane likewiſe to ground doth ſend:
His place then takes the youthfull *Iſolere*,
Strong made he was, and ſtowte himſelfe did bere.

Brother he was to *Ferraw*, his greene Shield
Three golden Moones did ſhew, which there did ſtand:
Forward he pricks to make *Ogier* to yeeld,
But is in midſt of Courſe by countermand
Moſt rudely throwne downe flatte vpon the Field,
Ogier againſt him had ſo ſhrewde a hand:
So ſore the ſtroke was, that for ſeuen whole howers
He lay ſtarke dead, bereft of vitall powers.

Then *Gualter* of *Mount-Leon* tooke his place,
And to the ground (as th'other were,) was ſent:
A Dragon did his purple Target grace,
And in a golden Field the ſame was pent:
Braue Chriſtian Barons (then *Ogier* ſtraight ſayes)
Let not our force againſt our ſelues be bent:
Let vs encounter gainſt the Saracins,
Els who ſo tryumphs, little honor wins.

Spinello (D'Alta Monte) was a Pagan,
And to King *Charles* his Court came for to trie
His proweſſe, and his Azurde Shield was plaine,
In which a golden Crowne you might eſpie:
Who ſoone vnhorſt was by this worthy Dane:
Whome *Mattaliſta* followeth ſodenly;
Brother he was to *Fiordiſpina* faire,
And on his horſe, himſelfe he ſtoutly bare.

His Shield was partie gold, and partie blacke,
And on his Creaſt a Dragon greene he gaue:
Downe from his Saddle fell he on his backe,
For he no way himſelfe as then could ſaue.
Now coms *Grandonio* (who no force doth lacke)
God and Saint *George* helpe *Ogier* weilde his Staue,
Great neede he hath, for mongſt the Pagans all,
Than he, there's none more valiant, or more tall.

This King in height moſt Gyants huge did paſſe,
Armed vpon a Steede of monſtrous ſize,
Blacke as a Cole his Sable Target was,
Wherein *Macon* his God, was drawne in curious wiſe:
No Chriſtian Knight durſt once to be ſo raſh,
Scarſe for to looke on him with open eyes.
Gano of Pontiers him no ſooner ſaw,
But from the Field himſelfe he doth withdraw.

Macario of Vſana did the like:
So *Pinabel*, ſo Th'earle of *Alta foglia*:
Falcon amongſt the reſt doth ſhunne his ſight,
And longes till he is from him got away:
Onely remaines behind *Griffon* that Knight,
And he (perhaps too) gainſt his will did ſtay,
His Honor or his Shame withheld him ſo,
Or els he ſaw not when the reſt did goe.

Meane time in Field this Pagan terrible
Takes on, as he a whirling Tempeſt were,
His Speare, for greatneſſe doth a Maſt excell,
So great a force he able is to beare,
His Courſer is as monſtrous (trueth to tell)
Which with his foote the hardeſt ground doth teare,
He breakes the hardeſt ſtones, and as he praunceth,
He goeth ſo ſwift, as th'earth doth ſhake and daunceth.

With furie thus againſt the Dane he blowes,
Whoſe Target he in middeſt iuſt doth ſplit:
Ogiers great fall, his wondrous might, well ſhowes,
For horſe and man he to the ground doth hit.
Forth of the Field Duke *Namo* with him goes,
Carried in armes, (on horſe he can not ſit,)
Keeping his bedde, till that a Month did paſſe,
Before his arme and breaſt well cured was.

Great was his hurt, and All full ſory are,
Except the Saracins, who did not grieue:
Grandonio threatning ſtands, and naught doth cares
Turpin of Rana, yet at him doth driue,
But is in middeſt of his Courſe downe bare,
And doubtfull t'was, if he would die or liue:
(Good Biſhop) he from ſaddle his was thruſt
So rudely, as he ſore was bruſde and cruſht.

Aſtolfo now was from the Ladies come,
And did beſtride a Palfrie white as ſnowe,
To court them pleaſantly he did not ſhun,
And (ſaue his ſword) vnarmed he did goe,
Amongſt thoſe Dames, that gliſtered like the Sunne,
So blyth and ſportfull he himſelfe did ſhowe:
But whilſt he trifling with them ſtandeth thus:
Grandonio doth *Griffon* from horſebacke puſh.

Griffon was of the Maganſeſes Howſe,
His blewiſh Shield a Falcon white did hold:
The Giant now his plumes begins to rowſe,
What? Chriſtians is your courage now ſo cold?
Dares none of you gainſt me be venterous.
Guydo (this hearing) coms reſolude moſt bold:
A Burgon was he, Lion blacke he gaue
In golden Shield, and from his horſe was draue.

So *Angelero* falls vnhappily,
He giues a Dragon with a maidens head,
Auin, *Auolio*, *Otton*, *Berlingero* bee
One after th'other from their horses sped,
An Eagle blacke they giue in Crest to see,
I meane those first foure Princes vanquished:)
But he that doth this shield in azure weare,
With Chesse of golde, is Duke of ritch *Bauere*.

Grandonio still encreaseth in his might,
And *Hugo* of *Marcelleis* he doth meet,
Whom dead he strikes, he him doth hit so right,
Ricciardet and *Alardo* at his feet
He layeth along; gainst *Charles* he railes with spight,
Christians with name of Cowardes he doth greet:
To heare him raile thus *Charles* it much astouns,
But see, now *Oliuere* the Marques comes.

The sunne then cleere did shew againe to shine,
And all seemde ioyefull of his entering,
The Marques came in shew gallant and fine,
Whom *Charles* went foorth to meet, and welcome him,
The people crie, liue long, a happy time,
(While all the field with trumpets tantara ring)
Viennas Marques *Oliuer* the good,
Grandonio takes his maist, and laughing stood.

And now with furie both together run,
Whilst the beholders be as in a maze,
To see th'euent that hereof's like to come,
So earnestly they on the Tiltters gaze,
In fielde amazed stand both all and some,
And who doth best, each one to marke assayes:
When in th'encounter *Oliuer* doth show,
Like Paladine, that he his play doth know.

Nine plates of steele thicke was *Grandonios* shielde,
Which he did pierce and breake by force in sunder,
He burst his brest-plate through though surely steelde,
The speares point into his body strucke like thunder,
The Giant then his speare so sore doth wielde,
As (that good *Oliuer* slaine was not) twas a wonder:
Seuen yardes he from his saddle at the least,
With furious stroke from horse was dispossest.

There's none that sees him, but thinkes he is dead,
For in the midst his helmet clouen was,
None wistly lookes vpon his face, or head,
But swears that life out of his Corse doth passe,
O how with this was *Charles* daunted, and sed,
Ah worthy Baron gon art thou alas,
Chiefe honour of my Court, deare as my sonne,
Why suffers God such mischiefe to be donne?

If insolent this Pagan was before,
He's now so proude that scarce on feete he goes,
Now Peacocke like he calls and threatneth sore,
Where are these brauing Palatines our foes?
White hearted liuered Knights, base cowardes more,
More then to bib and quaffe my cunning showes:
Valiant no doubt is this their TABLE ROVND,
It threatens much, yet none to fight are found.

King *Pipins* sonne, hearing this foule disgrace,
And that his Court was made a scoffe and play,
Is much incenst and troubled in his face,
And looking angry bout him, thus doth say,
Where are they that should homage in this place
Do to me now? they now are gon away:
Where's *Gan* of *Pontiers* now? *Rinaldo* where?
Orlando stoute? All Traitors, none appeare.

Sonne of a Queane base got, I promise thee,
If euer I do meet with thee againe,
With mine owne handes soone strangled shalt thou be,
Thus, and much more said angry *Charlemaine*,
Astolfo being behinde him, this doth see,
Vnseene on horsebacke he goeth backe amaine:
Saying vnto himselfe, what though I die,
Yet Ile appeare in fielde most valiantly.

Nor doth he thinke that euer he shall finde,
The lucke to ding the Giant on the ground,
But for to shew his good and honest minde
To his vtmost power as he to *Charles* was bound,
(He brauely mounted) turnes, his armour shinde
As ventrous Knight at all points at that stound:
Yet those that knew him cride, now God vs saue,
If we than this, no better Champion haue.

He bowes himselfe fore *Charles* in lowly guise,
My gratious Lord (saith he) before them all,
To vnhorse this Pagan proud in valiant wise
I venter will, if so you please I shall,
The King knitting his browes with angrie eies
Saith, go thy waies, no doubt a fray most tall
Thou'lt make; then turning to them that stoode by,
Now quoth he, we shall shamde be presently.

Astolfo threates, the Pagan at first sight
To take prisner, and as his Gallie slaue
To vse him; and these words so much him spight,
As he is madde for furie, and doth raue,
And in the next song Ile describe their fight,
If so your wonted patience I may haue,
To daine to listen with your gentle eare,
Where wonders strange nere heard of you shall heare.

THE THIRD BOOKE OF *Orlando Inamorato.*

THE ARGVMENT.

Aſtolfo *wins in field the Prize at laſt,*
Yet he (through treaſon) is in priſon laide,
Rinaldo Merlins *Fountaine ſtrange doth taſte,*
Where loue he bare Angelica *doth fade,*
Ferraw *once more* Angelica *hath out traſte,*
Kills him, and drownes him, (for ſuch ſute he made)
That done he meets Orlando *and doth fight,*
With him for faire Angelica *the bright.*

LIGHT of mine eyes, LIFES ſpirit vnto my HaRT,
That makſt my fearefull Muſe, to mount ſo hie,
Thy ſun-ſhine beames, a while on me revart,
Whilſt I thy prailes ſing moſt worthily,
For thou alone true honor doſt impart,
Vnto my Verſe by vertue of thine eye:
Since, who of ſuch a worthy ſtory writes
As is thy ſelfe? LOVE (Poet-like) indites.

LOVE framde the Heauens, and Harmonies ſweet ground,
Loue made the world, of ſauadge to be milde,
Loue, firſt delightfull Poetrie out found,
Loue, peace did breed, and bloody wars exilde;
Ah then, where firſt thou hurtſt, heale thou the wound,
DAIZIE of CHESSHIRE, view my heauie plight,
Who am Loues MaRTIre, torturde day and night.

(If you remember) but euen now I tolde,
How braue *Aſtolfo* in moſt ſcornefull wiſe
Taunted the Pagan, ſaying (Sirra) be not ſo bold,
Leſt I thee ſend, where ne're more thou ſhalt riſe:
What though thy ſtrength our Barons hath controld?
Yet (Raſcall) I'le thee learne another guiſe
When th'art in Gallie, and Gyant, ſince I ſee
Thou art ſo ſtrong, my chiefe Slaue thou ſhalt be.

Grandonio, who vſde others for to braue,
But neuer for to take ſuch wordes of skorne,
Began to ſwell for anger and to raue
As troubled Sea, that ſwelleth high through ſtorme
When windes doe force the mounting billowes waue,
And euery Shippe, by waters vnderborne:
Grandonio ſo doth rage with furie lead,
Gnaſhing his teeth, and ſhaking of his head.

Like to a Snake, for anger he doth hiſſe,
And with *Aſtolfo* longs to grapple faine,
His monſtrous Club to take he doth not miſſe,
Thinking moſt ſure, therewith to be his bane,
Either to make him dead, the ground to kiſſe,
Or for to ſtrike him through the midſt in twaine,
Or for to pull him from his Steede perforce,
And quarter him in foure without remorce.

Thus coms the Pagan with this furious minde:
Aſtolfo turnes to meete him in the face,
Pale lookes hee, and fearefull his heart doth finde,
Yet willing more to die, then take diſgrace:
And both incenſt runne ſwifter then the winde,
Meeeting in furie with a deſperate pace:
Grandonio falles, but Iudge you if you pleaſe,
If ſuch a violent Fall was with his eaſe.

The People showte, making a Noise and crie,
As if the earth were firde, or Heauen should fall:
There's none that this hath marked with his eie,
But whoopes for Ioy, as well the great as small:
Each one commendes him, and that worthylie,
Whilst that the Saracens are daunted all:
Th'empror seeing the Pagan where he lies,
Though he it seeth, beleeues not his owne eies.

The Gyant falling, fell on his left side,
Which was the cause the wound he had before
Tooke, through *Vienna's* Marquesse valour tride,
Was hurt farre worse, and opened now farre more:
So as halfe dead, he on the ground did bide,
The English Duke had wounded him so sore:
Powring out blood from out his corse so fast,
As scarse a fountaine doth forth water cast,

Some say *Astolfo's* valour made him bleede
With Counterbuffe, and therefore him they praise:
Other reporte the trueth thereof indeede,
Some I, some no, each as him liketh, sayes,
Grandonio was conuaid away on Steede,
And *Astolf* for this Blow full dearely payes:
For (in the ende) the Paynim did him giue
His deaths wound, nor himselfe did after liue.

Astolfo in the Listes as Conquerour
Standeth, and yet he doubts if he be so:
Two Knightes there were yet of the Pagans power
Onely, that had not tryde their force as tho,
Kinges Sonnes they were, of Chiualrie the Flowe,
Giasart as Browne, *Pyliaz* Flaxen did show:
Giasarts Father all Arabia won,
Through force of Armie his, which he o'recome,

The Sire of *Pyliaz*, all Ruſſia
Had ſeizde vpon and got into his hand,
Beſides he held much of Tartaria,
And vnto Tana's Confines did command:
Theſe twaine (no longer hereon for to ſtay)
Ranne with *Aſtolfo*, him for to withſtand:
And to be briefe, ſo fiercely he them mette,
That both of them from off their horſe he fette.

Meane time, one went to *Gano*, and him tolde,
Aſtolf, *Grandonio* had diſcomfited,
But that by him ſo braue a Pagan bolde
Should foyled be, t'will ne're ſincke in his head,
He rather doth in his opinion hold,
That ſome ill chaunce to the Gyant's happened,
Neuer beleeues he that *Aſtolfo's* able
Him to vnhorſe, he thinks, t'is but a fable.

Herewith, he hopes the Honor of the day
To get, and of the Iouſt the royall priſe,
And for to ſhew more braue in his array,
That greater Glorie vnto him might riſe,
Seuen Armed Earles with him he bringes away:
With theſe (All of his Howſe) towards *Charles* he hies,
Whome for to pardon him in humble ſpeech,
For his ſo late comming, he doth beſeech.

The Emperor little ſaid, but what he ment
I know not, yet he ſhowde to him good cheare:
This done, ſtraight *Gano* to *Aſtolfo* ſent,
That (ſince no Saracin more did appeare)
To runne with him, hee'lde not be diſcontent:
And ſince his Courage knowne was euery where,
He ſhould denie none, for more Honor grew
Still vnto him, the more he did ſubdew.

Astolf, who of this speech conceiude the sense,
Said to the man that brought the Message had:
Tel *Gano*, that I make no difference
T'wixt Sarasin and him, he is so bad
A foe to God and to mans excellence:
A Traiterous Lolard, Villaine fit for stab:
Come when he dare, no more I him esteeme,
Then of a filthie doung-cart I would deeme.

Gano the Earle hearing him braue him so,
Said little, but with choller burnt like fire,
In haste to meete *Astolfo* he doth goe,
And to himselfe sayth, I'le pay thee thy hire
Dogbolt; whom I am, I wil make thee know,
When I shall thee vnhorse and cast in mire.
And trueth to say, he thought so to haue done,
For he (before times) better then he had runne.

Yet now he reckon did without his Hoste,
For *Gano* was vnhorsed presently:
Macario, then *Astolfo* doth accoste,
And he (falling) beares *Gano* company:
Woundes, may it be, this Dolt o're vs should boste
And shame vs thus? then *Pinabell* did crie,
Shall he *Maganza's* Princelike House thus foyle?
And vs of Honor and of Valor spoyle?

Yet he's from saddle throwne about that place:
Nor thinke not, but *Astolfo* layes about,
Crying alowde, Where is this damned Race?
Flat on the ground I'le lay that cursed Rowt,
Countie *Smerilto* coms with Speare apace,
But *Astolf* flinges him groueling on his snowt:
Sore was he hurt, and forth from thence was led,
For which *Gano* was much discomfited.

Then *Falcon* saide, can fortune be so blinde,
That such an Asse as this and scoffing foole,
Should dare to haue so braue resolued minde,
So many Knights by force to beate and schoole?
So saying, he himselfe most fast doth binde
Within his saddle, nor can he recule,
This done, to finde *Astolff* apace he comes,
Vnhorst he cannot be, whilst that he runs.

The Duke iust in the face encounters him,
And with such force his speare gainst him doth wielde,
As he doth bow from horse, now out now in,
As though he strait should dead his Goast forth yeeld,
All looke when he from horse would topple trim,
Whilst some espie how bound he came to th fielde:
Wherewith they with a noise the aire do fill,
Crying, the Traitors bound, the Dastard kill.

Away his friends him cary with great shame,
Yet greater is his wound an hundered folde,
Astolfo knowth not how this courage came,
Yet doth he say with dauntlesse visage bolde,
Come who so list, Ile learne him loosers game,
Though he be bound, his seate surer to holde,
A Cowarde I will chastice being bound,
Better then if he losed should be found.

Anselmo della Ripa, Countie vile,
Thinkes (in him selfe) reuengement for to take,
For his friends shame, by some deceitfull guile,
Which was assoone as *Astolf* forth did make,
To any one (on sudden) he the while
Vnwares would set on him: *Rinard* doth shake
His speare first gainst him, *Anselm* comes behind,
And *Astolff* on his feet to set doth minde.

Astolf meets *Rinard*, whom from saddle bow,
He with his legs wide open, strikes on grasse,
And being not yet well setled through the blowe
He gaue *Rinard*; *Anselmo* straight doth passe
To him, and traiterously him downe doth throw,
Giuing no warning that he comming was,
Perswading him t'was chance, and not his will,
That he had proffered vnto him this ill.

Glorious *Astolfo* lieth all along
Vpon the grauell, and imagine you,
If heauie he toke not this monstrous wrong;
He starteth vp, his sword from side he drew,
And laide about him mongst that traitrous throng,
Thinking to make some for their fault to rue:
Gainst *Gano* and his kin, he brauely fights,
And meeting *Griffon*, on the head him strikes.

And dide hee had, had not his helmet fine
Saude him as then, and now they all take hart,
For *Gano* now, *Macario*, *Vgoline*,
Thinke for that blow to make *Astolfo* smart,
But *Namo*, *Turpin*, and *Ricardo* at that time
Seeing the ods, begin to take his part:
Together now one gainst another runs,
Meane space King *Pippins* sonne amongst them comes.

All those he meetes, he stiikes, now here, now there,
(For thirtie pates he broken had at least,)
Quoth he, where is this Traiterous rebell? where?
That to disturbe presumes my Royall Feast?
He rides amongst the thickst with tronchion speare,
Nor though his sworde were drawne, his furie ceast:
And now each maketh place for th'Emperer,
Either for honour, or that they him feare.

To *Gano* and *Aſtolfo* thus he ſpoke,
What quoile is this? thinke you you vſe me well?
But *Griffon*, whoſe ſconce was well knockt and broke,
Before King *Charles* for Iuſtice crying fell,
Sending forth ſcalding ſighes from breaſt like ſmoake,
And Iuſtice ſtill, he forth aloude doth yell:
Iuſtice (my Liege) for in thy preſence, I
Am ſet vpon, and ſpoilde moſt traitcrouſly.

My Gratious Lord, to me be but thus kinde,
To know of theſe, who firſt began the fray,
And if by me this Engliſh man you finde
Aſſayled to be firſt in auy way,
I yeelde that Traitor-like you me ſhall binde,
And in this fielde that quartered be I may:
But if this ill I do endure (ſaunscauſe)
Let him be puniſht, that thus breakes your lawes.

Aſtolfo was ſo angry at this tale,
That he forgot *Charles* preſence, and his Grace,
Villaine quoth he, this ſhall thee ſmall auaile,
Thou art a Spawne ſprung from that damned race,
Thy heart Ile haue, elſe of my will Ile faile,
Before that thou ſhalt get from forth this place:
Griffon ſaith, do thy worſt and do not ſpare,
Were I from hence, for thee ſmall would I care.

But now my ſelfe to reaſon I ſubmit,
Not to diſgrace my Soueraigne Prince at all,
The Duke replies, baſe Raſcall think'ſt by wit,
And by deuice, that I thee ſuffer ſhall?
Charles hearing this, ſcarce on his horſe could ſit
He was ſo chaft, and thus to him doth call:
By heauen, if better ſpeech thou doſt not giue,
Ile make the to repent whilſt thou ſhalt liue.

Astolfo to these words lends little heede,
But vseth him in termes most spightfully,
(As one that wronged was in very deed,
Though not the rest thereof could right descrie)
At last comes in treacherous *Anselmo* slie,
Whose sight in *Astolff* doth fresh collet breed:
The English Dukt no sooner doth him see,
But that he with his blade at him doth flee.

And doubtlesse with that blow he had beene slaine,
Had not he saude bin by the Emperur:
But euery one doth now *Astolfo* blame,
And apprehended is he for this stur,
To prison by the furious rowt he's tane,
Since he *Charles* Roiall anger durst incur:
There, for his rashnes did he dearely pay,
Kept longer then he thought by many a day.

Where wee will leaue him since he liueth well,
And better's then those wretched Louers are,
Which for *Angelica* feele second hell,
And night and day (to finde her) trauell far,
Each tooke his seuerall way (by chance as fell)
And now be to *Ardenna* come with care,
The first that there ariude was *Aymons* sonne,
Thankes to his spurres, *Baiardo* well did run.

No sooner was this Baron in the wood,
But he about him looketh euery where,
Where he espies a Groue that shadowed stood,
Enuiron'd with a Cristall Riuer cleare,
The sight whereof to him did mickle good,
And therefore to the same he enters neere,
Where, in the midst he found a fountaine faire,
As neuer wit of man framde one so rare.

This Fountaine more then wondrous for delight,
Was carude with Alabaſter paſſing fine,
Set out with gold, adorning it ſo bright,
As all the Meadow Sun-like made to ſhine:
MERLIN it built, (a famous coniuring Wight)
Becauſe worthie Sir *Triſtram* at that time
Drinking thereof, ſhould leaue that louely Queene,
Who was in th'end his vtter ruine ſeene.

But luckeleſſe *Triſtram* (his chaunce was ſo badde)
Ne're to that Fountaine could ariue (alas)
Though oft to finde it he did venture ſadde,
And bout the Countrie, for the ſame did paſſe.
Now this ſame Fountaine ſuch ſtrange Nature had,
That whatſoeuer Knight ennamored was,
Drinking thereof, ſhould Loue from thought exile,
Forcing him hate whom he had loude ere while.

The Sunne was at the higheſt, the day was hot,
When Prince *Rinaldo* hyes vnto this place,
(Sweating through trauell, and great thirſt had got)
When as longing to drinke in ſuch a caſe,
He lightes from horſe, and drinking; t'is his lot,
His Loue, and dryneſſe both away to chaſe:
For when he taſted had this water cold,
He ſtraight forgate the Dame he loude of old,

And now he thinkes, what baſe a thing it is,
A woman vaine to follow and eſteeme:
Nor now, that Beautie, countes he ſuch a Bliſſe,
Which whilom, more then humane he did deeme:
He doth Recant; his minde is farre from this,
Such force in this ſo wondrous Water's ſeene:
And now his Thoughts ſo changed are of late,
He worſe then Toade *Angelica* doth hate,

Forth of this Wood he comes with s'dainfull mind,
Shaming to thinke vpon his Follies past:
Whilst musing thus, a Riuer he doth finde,
Whose cristall Streame runnes smoothly, trickling fast,
Alongst whose bankes all flowers by Natures kinde
(As it the Spring had beene in prime) were plast,
And o're the Foorde for shadow there was seene,
The Beechen tree, the Pine, and Oliue greene.

This Riuer calledwas the BROOKE of LOVE,
Merlin had not inchaunted this (as yet)
Who drinkes hereof, to Loue it doth him moue,
His Heart must subiect be to Fancies fit.
Many braue Knightes, (unstaking) this did proue,
And many haue beene quite vndone with it.
Rinaldo tasted not of this, for why?
He at the other Fountaine dranke before being dry.

Yet he so well this pleasant place doth like,
As here a while he meaneth to repose:
From horse he lightes, and him vnbridles quite,
(And for to feede *Bayarda*) lettes him lose:
Meane time in thickest shade this wearied Knight
(Not thinking any thing) to slumber goes:
Sleepe doth our Baron, and doth take a nappe:
But now behold what Fortune did him happe.

After *Angelica* away did flie,
Where *Ferraw* with her Brother fought at furst,
She on this Riuer chaunst, and being drie,
Did light and dranke thereof to staunch her thurst:
But now (sweete Ladies) marke how worthilie,
LOVE tamed that proude hart of hers so curst:
No sooner she this Knight sawe on the grasse,
But that ennamored straight of him she was.

Her Palfrie white she to the Pine doth take,
And to *Rinaldo* stealing, commeth neere,
Gazing on him whose sight did breede her paine,
Nor hath she power, one foote from thence to steere:
Within this Meadow did there store remaine
Of Lillies, and of Roses euery where;
These with her snowie handes she plucks apace,
Flinging them all vpon *Mount Albons* face.

Wherewith he wakes, and she perceiuing this,
Smiling, salutes him in most louely wise,
Yet he her thanketh not, nor her doth kisse,
But takes his horse, and quickly from her flies,
Her wooing wordes, deserued fauour misse:
Shee him intreats to stay, but he denies;
As he were madde, he flings from out the Wood:
And after him she spurres with gallop good.

She followeth him, and after him doth crie;
Ah stay sweete Knight, a little while but stay:
Why dost thou from me (who thee followeth) flie?
Ah doe not her, that holdes thee deere, thus slay:
I am not *Ginamon* of Baion I,
VVho thee to kill in Forrest did assay:
No *Gano*, nor *Macario* false that bee,
Them and their Race I hate, so, loue I thee.

More then my soule I sweare that I thee loue:
Yet dost thou flie from me with skornefull hate:
Looke but once backe, may be, I may thee moue:
See if my face can thee so fearefull make.
To hurt thy selfe, through furie doe not proue:
This VVood is dangerous, and thou harme maist take:
Ah, if thou loue me, goe a little faster:
And thee to please, I'le not so fast come after.

For if to thee any mischaunce should come,
Whilst thus thou headlong rid'st, or to thy Steede,
Small should I ioy, my life as then were done,
And for thy hurt, my heart to death would bleede:
Turne backe at last, my sight still doe not shunne:
Thinke whome I am, I merrit better meede:
My Beautie's such, as none ought for to flee:
Rather if I fledde, thou shouldst follow me.

Thou hast not slept enough, then light on growne,
And for thee I'le prouide a Princely Bedde,
My daintie Corse shall be thy Cowch of downe,
My Skinne shall serue for finest sheetes in stedde:
Where thou, o're eares, thy selfe with ioy mayst drowne,
My softe Breastes, pillowes shall be for thy head:
Whilst Nymphes and Graces shall about thee keepe,
With heauenly Musicke lulling thee asleepe.

With such sweete sugred wordes the Maid entreates,
Running still after him, but all in vaine:
Bayardo swift, the way like wind forth breakes,
Carrying his Master out from Woddie plaine:
The Ladie wearied, now her selfe downe seates,
Wringing her handes, and crying out amaine,
Vpon the Heauens and starres she oft doth call;
Cruell she tearmes them, and vnluckie all.

But she *Rinaldo* doth aboue the rest
More cruell call, and that inpiteous wise:
Who would once thinke (saith she) that in that breste
In those faire lookes of his no kindnesse lyes?
Yet I of wit am not so dispossest,
But that I know for him I am no Prize:
I haue not worth enough him for to moue:
Yet ought he not hate me, though he'le not loue.

At leaſt he might haue giuen me ſome leaue,
For to haue gazde vppon his manly face,
And ſo perhapps I leſſe then ſhoulden grieue,
If he had ſhewde me this ſmall tiny grace,
I ſee by louing I my woes thred weaue,
"But where Loue is, there Reaſon takes no place:
Cruell he is, a Chorle, hard hearted ſtill,
Yet what ſo ere he is, I loue him will.

Thus wailing ſhee teares fom her eyes forth powers,
And turning to the Beech where (fore) he lay,
Thriſe happie Herbes, and treble bleſſed Flowers,
That toucht ſo ſweet a Countnance ſhe doth ſay,
Far better is your fortune then is ours,
Since you haue kiſt whom not once touch I may,
Ah might I (as you had) ſuch fauour found,
I willing would be dead, low in the ground.

So ſaying, from her Palfray paſsing white
The Ladie doth diſmount, and comes on ground,
And for to kiſſe thoſe flowers ſhee takes delight,
Which by the place where *Rinald* lay ſhe found,
Thinking her heat to leſſen by that ſight,
When ſhe therewith more deadly makes her wound:
Shee thinkes being there leſſe ſorrowes will her cumber,
Wherwith ſhe layeth her downe and there doth ſlumber.

So ſweetly ſleeps ſhee, as ſhe ſeemes to ſmile,
And in her dreame *Rinaldo* oft dothcall
Whilſt to embrace him, ſhee her armes the while,
Stretcheth out wide, and ſudden wakes withall;
But when ſhe ſees how fancies her beguile,
She pitious weepes, and teares like pearle lets fall,
Sighing, her ſtainles womb doth pant and moue,
Period of Ioy, round Center of ſweet Loue.

(CHASTE CRVEL CHOICE) I know to you tis geason,
That yet *Gradasso* is not on *Charles* his Coaste
In all this while, you meruaile what's the reason,
But not aboue three dayes he'le stay at most,
And now to *Spaine*, his ships are come in season,
But I must yet leaue him and all his Hoste:
First will I tell you of our waudring Knights,
And first of *Ferraw* and his dangerous fights,

He walketh searching vp and downe the Wood,
And mad for anger wellnie doth appeare,
Anger and Loue so heaten haue his blood,
As he his life no more steemes then a heare,
Lesse he *Argalia* with his Armour good,
Or his faire Sister finde a way to beare,
Might he but of her Brother be reuenged,
He thinkes his griefe the sooner would be ended.

And whilst his way on horsbacke he doth keepe,
Thus thinking, and doth watch him to espie,
He seeth whereas in shade a Knight doth sleepe,
And that *Argalia* tis doth soone descrie,
Vnto whose Steed *Ferraw* doth softly creepe,
Being tide to a tree, him losing presently:
Then with a Bough he keepeth reuell rout,
Coursing the Gelding all the wood throughout.

That doone, he to a Bay his owne horse ties,
Vnder the shade of which he sits him downe,
Expecting when *Argalia* would arise,
And hardly he forbeares with fretfull frowne,
From taking sweete reuenge in wrathfull wise,
Yet he so much tenders his owne Renowne,
Although he might, he will no vantage take,
No not so much, as him from sleepe to wake.

And long it was not, but wake did the Knight,
Who missing strait his Palfrie, chaseth sore,
You may imagine how it did him spight,
Since he vppon his feet must goe therfore:
But *Ferraw* soone appeareth in his sight,
Saying (Sir) tis in vaine, then grieue no more:
For thou or I must die here at this time,
Who scapes of vs, shall haue this horse of mine.

I let thine loose, lest thou shouldst run thy way,
Againe, and so escape from hence, and flee,
Therfore thy vtmost force gainst me assay;
Once, gainst all honestie thou got'st from mee,
But for thy falsenes now I will thee pay,
Not on thy worde, I more will credit thee:
Neede hast thou to bestirre thy selfe then braue,
If thou dost meane thy life (condemnd) to saue.

Ile not denie (replide *Argalia*) here,
But that in flying, I my selfe forgot,
But by this Arme and Heart of mine I sweare,
For wound or shame, the fight I shunned not,
Nor that I wearied was, or thee did feare,
Onely my Sisters loue did make this blot,
Against my Promise from thee then to goe,
My dearest Sister, mee intreated so.

Then take it as thou list, and as thou please,
I nothing doubt but thou thy match shalt misse,
Tis in thy Choice, if thou wilt warre or peace,
Thou knowst I thee haue tride before ere this,
And saying so, *Argalia* bolde did cease,
But *Ferraw* resolute to combat is:
Fiercely he cries, come leaue thy foolish charming,
Looke to thy selfe, and say I giue thee warning.

Together then they flie like Dragons fierce,
With furie great, and with a furious force,
Their hugie strokes the trueth for to rehearse,
More then a mile were heard without remorce,
Argalia though he *Ferraws* body pierce
Cannot, yet hopes to bombast well his corse,
Saying, I doubt me him I cannot kill,
Yet on the ground for dead, I lay him will.

Thus thinking, he with his ore-heaue wait,
To loade his bones, with furie towardes him came,
But *Ferraw* first into him leapeth strait,
And so to grapple they begin amaine,
Argalia is the stronger, but in slaight
And quicknes *Ferraw* best is of the twaine:
But in the end, though long it were before,
Ferraw, hath vnder him *Argalia* bore.

Yet he as one that was surpassing strong,
So hard gripes *Ferraw* that he cannot get
Away from him, whilst (tumbling him along,)
He with his Gantlet, all his face sore beat,
Ferraw this feeling, his Dag plac't not wrong,
For where he was vnarmde, there it he set,
Into his groine it passt through guttes and all,
(Alack that such hard hap should him befall.)

For whilst this yong man liude, a brauer knight,
Nor curteous more did euer liue on earth,
Onely the Christian faith he wanted right,
And now he sees he scarce can draw his breath,
Wherefore he turns in heaue dying plight,
And speakes to *Ferraw* thus before his death:
One onely Boone let me intreat of thee,
Since now my soule, is fleeting hence from mee.

This which I craue, I begge (for Knightſhip thine,)
(As thou a braue and courteous Baron art)
That me with all this Armour that is mine,
Thou wilt in deep'ſt of Riuer next impaſte,
Leſt any chauncing on this Armour fine
Should ſay, (as if I wanted force or harte,)
Worſe then a Coward was this Knight in field,
That (armed thus) himſelfe would let be kild.

Ferraw hereat, for pittie milde doth weepe,
Like thawing Ice that meltes againſt warme Sunne,
And to *Argalia* ſaith: deere Baron ſweete,
Heauens knowe how I doe grieue at this is done:
And how I for the ſame doe ſorrow deepe,
T'was Fate (not want of force) thou couldſt not ſhunne:
Onely for Honor, I with thee did trie,
T'was not thy Death I fought, but Victorie.

Let this ſuffiſe, Ile yeeld to thy demand,
And on my faith to keepe the ſame I ſweare:
In ſigne whereof, I giue to thee my hand:
Then nothing doubt hereof, (moſt valiant Peere)
But ſince now my abode's in Chriſtian Land,
And that to be indangered I doe feare
Being a ſtranger, if they ſhould me knowe,
(Kinde Baron) but this fauour to me ſhow.

Lend me thy Helme, which may ſtand me in ſtead,
(But for foure dayes,) and then I'le drowne the ſame,
Argalia dying, liſteth vp his head,
Shewing, he this requeſt to graunt did daine:
Ferraw ſtands by him till his breath's forth fledde,
Weeping vpon his liueleſſe Corſe amaine;
And ſeeing him as colde as any ſtone,
He him embraceth, making piteous mone.

That done, he (ſighing) doth him ſoone vnarme,
And on his owne head quickely putteth on
The truſtie Helmet, made by cunning Charme,
The Creaſt he leaues that was the ſame vpon,
Becauſe he (as vnknowne) would ride ſauns harme:
He takes the Courſe vp, and away is gone
With it, which he vnto next Riuer brings,
Where into the midſt, *Argalia* deepe he flings.

And looking after him a prettie while,
Heauie and ſadde, from thence he forward wends:
But to *Orlando* now I'le turne my ſtile,
Who ſearching in that Deſart his time ſpends,
And yet *Angelica* doth him beguile,
For which as wondrous wroth, he ſighes forth ſends:
And whilſt he ſought this Damſell with great care,
He coms vpon her ere he is aware.

So ſweetely lay ſhe ſleeping on the ground,
So louely, and with ſuch a pleaſing grace,
As if the flowers had ſproung about her round,
And that cleere Brooke had patide of Loue apace:
So faire a Creature waking ne're was found,
Neuer was any borne with ſuch a face:
The glorious Sunne, to her, ſeemde but a ſtarre:
Shee peereleſſe was, All came behind her farre.

The ſtaring Countie pleaſure great doth take,
Standing as if he were deepe in a maze,
Nor, for his life, once dareth her to wake:
Whilſt earneſtly he on her ſtill doth gaze,
And to himſelfe he whiſpering ſoftly ſpake:
Am I here, or in Paradiſe, he ſayes?
Sure I her ſee, Oh no, I dreame, Alas?
This is a Dreame, and for a Dreame muſt paſſe.

Thus looking on her, ſpends his time [illegible]
And to no end ſtands whiſpering all in vaine:
(Poore Soule) he better farre knowes how to fight,
Then Ladies faire with Loue to entertaine.
"For who finds Time and canuot take it right,
Vnworthie's of ſuch fortune and ſuch game,
As to him hapt, who much himſelfe did wrong,
Looſing ſweete ſporte with gazing ouer-long.

"The Eye was made, rare Beautie to admire,
And (as an Obiect ſweete) preſents the ſame
To Fancie, Fancie ſtraight the Heart on fire
"Doth ſet, which ſeekes by meanes it to obtaine:
The Fruites of Beautie to enioy, more doth requuire
Then looking on: ſo looke on is ſmall gaine;
Vnworthy he, to tread Loues daintie Maze,
That might be dallying, and yet idly ſtayes.

Now *Ferraw* chaunſt by happe to come that way,
Stumbling vpon that Riuer and the Meade,
And ſeeing there *Orlando* for to ſtay,
(Although *Orlando* he knew not indeede)
He wondred why he ſtood ſo at a Bay:
But when he of the Ladie had tooke heede,
He preſently did call her to his minde,
And glad he was, that he her ſo did finde.

He ſurely thought, and did for certaine hold,
This Knight (as Gardian) for to watch her was,
Wherewith, he with audacious voyce and bold,
Turning to him, ſpeakes thus to him o're raſh:
This is my Wench, already bought and ſold,
If thou be wiſe, away from hence ſoone paſſe:
Leaue me the Ladie, or els loſe thy life.
Els ſhalt thou winne her from me by meere ſtrife.

Orlando too late begins to fret,
Seeing how he was troubled in his Ioy:
Knight, quoth he, Hence away I pray thee get,
And ſeeke not wilfully thine owne annoy,
For I ſweare, ne're my minde was willing ſet
To iniure any, no, not the leaſt boy:
But if thou here doſt bide, then gainſt my will
Thou'lt vrge me ſo, as needes I muſt thee kill.

Why then I ſee, or thou or I muſt part
(As by thy ſpeech I gather) now from hence,
But I'le aſſure thee once more, I'le not ſtart,
And thou too weake art for me in defence,
For were a fire here, I (ſpight of thy hart)
Would throw thee in, before thou haue my Wench:
Get thee then gone, whilſt that thy bones be whole:
Thus *Ferraw* (*Brans* like) doth deale his dole.

Herewith the Earle incenſt, waxt pale and wan,
His face did looke as redde as crimſen blood:
I am *Orlando* (ſaith he) nor for any man
I care; although a World againſt me ſtood:
And thou as able art me to withſtan,
As is a child new borne, or ſtocke of Wood:
Baſe Ribald, ſonne to a whore, vnfit to breathe:
So ſaying, hee *Durindana* doth vnſheathe.

And now begins the greateſt Battell fierce,
That euer fought was twixt two Knightes of yore:
Their trenchant blades, their ſtrongeſt armour pierce,
Haſte to diſpatch doth make them ſtriue the more,
One gainſt th'other, doth their force reuerſe,
And well they ſaw it did import them ſore:
For ſhould the Damſell once awake from ſleepe,
It was in vaine for them this ſturre to keepe,

And too too soone shee waked for their ill,
Greatly amazed these strange sights to see,
Hewne harnesse all the meddow ore to fill,
And in so dangerous a fight to bee,
Her Courser she leaps on with great good will,
Leauing them as they would for to agree:
Out of the wood from them she takes her flight,
Which when *Orlando* sees, he staies to fight.

Braue Knight, quoth he, vouchsafe now for this time,
This battell to defer in curtesie,
That I may follow after Lady mine,
And bound to thee I shall be wonderously,
For tis of follie great no little signe
For vs to buckle thus, and know not why:
She's gone for whom this quarell we maintaine,
Then truce, that I may after her amaine.

Not so, saith *Ferraw* bolde, shaking his head,
For if of fighting now thou weary art,
The Dame by thee must bee abandoned,
For this for certaine I to thee imparte,
Onely of one she must be followed;
As long as I haue any power in hart,
And if I thee orecome, then Ile be hee,
If me thou kil'st Ile leaue my right to thee.

By Christ then I sweare *Orlando* then doth say,
By coping thus with me, thou small shalt get:
Neuer was fought on earth so strange a fray,
As in the Canto following downe Ile set,
Still are they bent their valour to assay,
Orlando that he thus is crost doth fret,
And thinke not but hot *Ferraw* chafes as fast:
But heere a while my ship shall Anchor cast.

The Concluſion.

FAire Shadowe of a Subſtance paſſing Faire,
The Picture of my Miſtris Excellence,
Receiue theſe lines impoliſhed and bare,
For vnto thee, and none elſe are they meant,
Daine to accept them what ſo e're they are,
Since for thy ſake, few idle houres I ſpent:
So criſtall-like ſtill cleare may run thy BROOKE,
Worthy on whom, all eyes may gaze and looke.

The time may come (Ah that t'wold not be long)
If my dread ALBA, leaue in cruell wiſe,
My harmleſſe heart (ne're ſtainde for faith) to wrong,
My Muſe now dead, againe to life ſhall riſe,
Singing anew, ORLADOS lonely ſong,
Through vertue of thoſe Diamond ſparkes, her eyes,
When her and thee LOVES TWINS borne of Delight,
Ile (Herrald-like) diſplay, in Coullours right.

FINIS.

Il Diſgratiato. R. T. G.